

FOLLIES OF THE PASSING SHOW—By Hanlon



More Small Town Stuff

HEARD AND SEEN : A Column FOR and FROM Everybody : By BILL PRICE

PASSING THE BUCK.
Folks should not be blamed for passing the buck! After all, the habit is hereditary. It originated in Eden. When called on the carpet for robbing the apple orchard, the daddy of all nuts blamed the First Lady of the Land! She passed the blame to the next lower creature, who naturally snaked out of it also.
JOE CONKLIN.

My flannel bent over his gas tank. The height of its contents to see. He lighted a match to assist him—Or bring back my flannel to me.
CHEVY.

CIGARETTE CONSUMPTION.
Will somebody tell me when cigarettes first came into use? And there are some facts about cigarettes that may interest readers. There is an average of 2,788,139 consumed daily in the United States, nearly one million for each of the twenty-four hours. If the cigarettes consumed yearly in this country could be stood on end they would reach 512,788 miles into the heavens, far enough to tell what EINSTEIN knows about relativity.
ARISTOTLE.

The sign in the tailor's window said: "I'm a bird on clothes." On investigation I found that he was an elephant on prices. So I beat it away.
H. B.

THAT WISE OLD OWL.
A wise old owl lived in an oak. The more he saw the less he spoke. The less he spoke the more he heard. Why can't we all be like that bird?
BLONDI.

NEXT YEAR'S GOOD LOOKERS.
Congress's senior class next year will be made up of mighty good-looking chaps. All the types will be represented. There will be blonde "BUCKY," ROBERTSON, brunette "ALLIE," CONNOLLY, mixed type "BILL," RING and lots of others.
T. C.

HODGE-PODGE POETRY.
'Twas a bright September morning in October, last July.
The moon was shining brightly and the sun was in the sky.
The flowers were gently sighing, and the birds were in full bloom.
As I went down in the cellar to clean my upstairs room.
The time was Tuesday morning of Wednesday just at night.
I saw ten thousand miles away a house just out of sight.
His name was William Wring, but he was always right.
His William's lips were tightly sealed, as he yelled with all his might.
"Come hell me if you can, but spare my life," he cried.
I shot him with wood alcohol and killed him till he died.
MARGARET B.

A GOOD WORD SQUARE.
Here is a little word square that may be acceptable. Notice that the first word, initials and diagonals all read alike:
N O R M A
O O Z E D
M A N E E
M A I N S
A D O L A
H. B. ROSSELL.

THE REVERSAL.
In most respects the luxuries of one generation become the necessities of the next. But in liquid refreshments this law of progress is reversed, and the necessities of the father become the luxuries of the son. Take bay rum and furniture polish, for instance.
FRED VETTER.

There was a youth named Tommy Stood; One day he stole a pear. Then his old man meandered home And eyed him like a bear.
And told him to go to a corner. Told him he hadn't been good. And at supper late that evening. Poor Tommy stood.
HARVARD.

THICKS WITH CHICKENS.
Down at a commission house some time ago I saw the cooped up chickens being fed on meal dough full of sand so that the chickens would weigh more when disposed of. But there was not more surprising than when I saw a grocer pull the tall feathers out of an old hen and swear that everything in the box was spring chickens.
MILO H.

TRANSPROSED WORDS.
What some words contain, when transposed:
IMPATIENT—Tim, in a pet. IMMEDIATELY—I met my Delia. LAWYERS—Sly war. MIDSHIPMAN—Mind his map. MISANTHROPE—Spare him not. METROPOLITAN—Polite matron. MELODRAMA—Made moral. MATHIMONY—Into my arm. METHODIST—Modest hit. POSITIVELY—Is pity love?
J. H. SMITH.

MARINES AT CHATEAU THIERRY.
Hall to the Devil Dogs victory— Their deeds of valor, immortal. Unparalleled, their souls shall be Received at heaven's shining portal.
EDWARD J. IRVINE.

EARLY BUSINESS TRAINING.
"Mr. Roosevelt, this is the third time I have seen you give your son 25 cent pieces this week. He should not spend so much money for a six-year-old child."
Mr. R.—"Sh! not so loud! He will hear you! I gift 'em to him to put in der gas meter, and he thinks he's taking 'em in his bank."
JULIUS BACKENHEIMER.

It is noted by MILO H. that the latest ditty of one of his friends is entitled, "I'd Like to Have Another, but She Might Smell it on My Breath." That's where the cake has a distinct advantage over the rum hounds. His ice cream and Coca-Cola impart no suspicions.

Superstition is a mental narcotic; Reason is a mental stimulant; Hope is a mental aberration; Faith is a mental banquet.
EDWARD J. IRVINE.

GRAPHIC BREVITY.
The palm for brevity is awarded to a marine called on to testify about an explosion of a gun on a warship that sent him to the hospital for three months.
Told to give his version of the affair he said, "I was standing beside the gun. There was an awful racket and the doctor said, 'Sit up and take this.'"
ADLAIDE L.

FULL OF PEP.
In diddle, diddle. The old and the diddle. The cow jumped over the moon. If an old cow could do it, I thought I'd improve it. I'll be out of the hospital soon.
MOBILE.

MOVIE FAVORITES.
Here's an anagrammatic-move puzzle, from which you will derive the names of movie favorites:
1. I park my ford.
2. A found a glass brick.
3. Maker a cutes girl.
4. A bad heart.
5. Wet a satin rat.
6. Wire the pal.
7. Fun must drain.
8. A lets ban chew.
9. Never lye baby.
10. I presch all chin.

HARD TIMES.
Historian FRED VETTER notes that 1892 was a famine year in England and western Europe. Neither fruit nor grain ripened. Even among the well-to-do wine ceased to be put upon the table, "but its place was supplied by PUNCH!"
"Poor devils," says Fred.

ABSENT-MINDEDNESS.
A college professor noted for his absent-mindedness was observed one day walking along reading a book; one foot in the gutter and the other on the curb. A friend stopped him and said, "Good morning, professor, how are you today?"
"Very well, thank you, Mr. Smith, but don't you know, as I have been walking along here I have developed an unaccountable limp!"
SPECTATOR.

Prof. Luna Tick - By Mansfield



ONCE-OVERS
By J. J. MUNDY.
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"Golf widows" is becoming a term applied to too many wives. It is not right that a husband should spend all his leisure-time at the golf links.
True, he may need exercise, but so does his wife.
The big majority of women dislike to go about alone, consequently if their husbands spend all their time in golf playing, the wives remain at home.
Women get tired of a monotonous routine and the same surroundings day after day.
Your wife naturally looks to you as a companion. Mr. Married Man. She married you because she liked your society, enjoyed it better than that of any one else.
She has a right to expect you will divide your time with her in such a way that you will give her most of your leisure time.
Golf is fascinating, and causes an enthusiast to think of nothing else as so interesting a way of spending the time he can spare from business. If your wife does not play golf you should plan a good part of your leisure doing something with her which she can enjoy as a rest and recreation.

PLANET INFORMATION.

At last we learn that Mars is uninhabited, because that planet is so near the sun as to make the heat too intense for life. If there is anything up there like humanity the inhabitants can't even afford to put on clothes as heavy as B. V. D.'s. And we can't afford to have friendly relations with folks whose big leaves would wither in the heat.

As to Venus, it is agreed that climatic conditions are more agreeable and that people of great intelligence may live there. What their style of clothing is the scientists haven't discovered.

Johnnie—Wish I was a girl.
Mother—Why?
Johnnie—So's I could wear hair ever my a'rs, an' wouldn't ever have to wash 'em.
CHEVY.

LANGUAGE.
I overheard this conversation in the Reading Pk. night market:
"Got any potatoes?"
"I ain't got none now, but when I gets 'em I'll let you have any."
CHEERUPADIST.

To be great is to realize one's own littleness!
EDWARD J. IRVINE.

Jean—Jack seems to be an agreeable young man.
Betty—There's not much to him.
Jean—Why not?
Betty—We stood under the mistletoe together for full five minutes and he didn't—well, he didn't, that's all.
MISCHIEF.

BASEBALL FLEET RIVALRY.
This song was sung by the Atlantic fleet during the baseball series in Panama between the Atlantic and Pacific fleets to the tune of "Feather Your Nest."
Our band is playing.
As East meets West.
Each fleet is saying.
"Our team is best."
The stands are rocking.
The crowd is all flooding.
To see the boys knocking—that ball—into Panama.
Atlantic's cheering, "We'll drive 'em away."
Pacific's cheering, "We'll drive 'em away."
Stam out another, chase 'em home to their mother.
For we're going to smother Pacific today.
PANAMA.

ONE ON DAD.
"Daddy, please, punctuate this sentence: 'A \$20 bill was blown around the corner.'"
"Sure," said dad, "put a period after it."
"I wouldn't," said Nell, "I'd make a dash after it."
JULIUS BACH.

LIFE'S CHANGING AMBITION.

AT FOUR—To wear pants.
AT EIGHT—To miss Sunday School.
AT TWELVE—To be President.
AT FOURTEEN—To wear long pants.
AT EIGHTEEN—To have mono-grammed cigarettes.
AT TWENTY—To take a show girl out to supper.
AT TWENTY-FIVE—To have the price of a supper.
AT THIRTY-FIVE—To eat supper.
AT FORTY-FIVE—To digest supper.
YE LOONE.

THE WEATHER RESPONSIBLE.
When the weather is cool the contrite grind.
Out lots of good stuff.
When it is hot they loaf or get writer's cramps.
Go motor, fishing, swimming, dancing, spooning or frolicking.
Or stand around the streets or movies watching the rain.
W. V.

AN EVERYDAY TRAGEDY.
Mary "DROPPED" her "BYES" on the floor as Henry "BURST" into the room. Her "FACE LENGTHENED" rapidly, and she finally "PIERCED" him with a "GLANCE." As his laugh "ROSE" and "FELL," she "DROPPED" her "JAW" and her "VOICE BROKE."
BOX CAR HARRY.

What the public wants is not more laws, but observance and enforcement of the laws already on the statute book.
EAMON O. S.

Said once an old bear at the zoo. Who was feeling exceedingly blue. "It was that you know. To walk in and find I'll change it and walk free and to." CONQUISTADOR.

RESPECT FOR THE OLD.
I am a passenger on the Eldorado line, and I feel it a pleasant duty to pay a compliment to the only molorman of the line. He is one of the most courteous men to old people I ever knew. I wish that all street railway men were like him.
E. N.

Hic, to soda boy—Gimme a "Larry Semon" and a "preacher" in one glass.
Soda boy—That's a new one on me. Hic—No, tain't. I want'er "nut Sunday."
JULIUS BACH.

Although lots of folks are fond of motor, I never heard one that was "just dying" to ride in an auto hearse.
JOE C.

I'm sorry for the fellow who honestly believes he can never fall in love.
The divorce courts prove that Love is not blind, but has eyes and sees.
PHILIP BERRY.

PROHIBITION JINGLES.

They say this town is very dry. It's hard to get a sup. Yet every evening after dark The streets are all lit up.
LUKE McLUKE.

The town's so very dry men seek The stuff sold from the boot. Yet you will find that once a week The band goes on a toot.
CANTON NEWS.

They say this town is dry as dust. One cannot get a sup. But all the engines stop right here. So they can get tanked up.
HASTINGS (NEB.) TRIBUNE.

OUR "EMPORIUM OF FUN."
DEAR BILL: Your column has been given a good many names to indicate its popularity with thousands of people, or the things it stands for. I saw the other day where "RAY" spoke of the column as the "EMPORIUM OF FUN." The name struck me as peculiarly appropriate. Those of us who were brought up in small towns recall with interest that there is, in nearly every town a store known as the "Emporium." It sells most everything. Now Heard and Seen contains an interesting mixture of all sorts of fun, nonsense, wit, rhyme, etc., meeting the demands of the public. "Emporium" isn't a bad name for it.
H. T. C.

Man in restaurant, gazing at large holes in doughnuts—Walter, I ordered doughnuts, not hand bracelets.
HARVARD.

MANY CAN BE FAMOUS.
Old Bias of Mytelene, was hailed as one of the seven wise men of ancient Greece, just because he said: "Everything that I have I can carry on my back." At that rate quite a few of us are deserving of everlasting fame.
FRED VETTER.

NAME IT.
Something that I wish you all the day. And in your dreaming hours. Add another word, in the right way. And you'll have a bunch of flowers.
H. SMITH.

GUESS THIS ONE.
Something comes to mind In the form of a riddle. With both ends round. And an elevated middle. In truth, I must relate. It's a Western State.
H. SMITH.

Father—When your mother was young she didn't dress like you do to catch the fellows.
Daughter—But dad, look what she caught.
IRVING.